## CURRENT LITERATURE.

George Bidwell's Book. George Bidwell, a noted "sicket-of-leave" man, As now in Indianapolis for the purpose of introducing his book entitled "Forging His Chains." It is in the nature of an autobiography and gives s detailed account of his first departure from the path of honesty, how he became a criminal, and his subsequent career in America and his connection with the so-called £1,000,000 Bank of England forgery. This crime brought Bidwell and his brother into the clutches of the English law and both were sentenced to penal pervitude for life. After fifteen years imprisenment Bidwell was released on account of failing health and good conduct. He is now fiftyfive years old, lives quietly with his family at East Hartford, Conn., and has thoroughly reformed. His book is in the nature of a confession and a narrative of his personal experionce, showing how easy it is for a man to be some a criminal if he does one dishonest act and how hard it is to escape from the path of crime when once entered upon. He shows that the initiation into wrong doing is attended by a eurious twist on the part of conscience, which justifies the malefactor: and so, as he gets away further and further from the line of right conscience continues to accommodate itself to circumstances. In Bidwell's case, the first wrong step was the withholding of money from the collections made by him as traveling salesman. His gradual decline, his share in inducing his brother to go wrong, his repeated wis hes to lead a right life again, and the apparently inexorable fate that pressed him down-all these are portrayed in his book with a vivid and self-trained pen. Bidwell is a man of more than ordinary ability, considerable culture and quite varied attainments. His book is written in a clear and pleasing style, quite free from bravado or cant, and is apparantly the truthful narrative of a man who, after a long career of crime, has desermined to lead an honest life and do what he can to induce others to do so. His book is sold only by subscription, and is published here by the Historical Publishing Company, Blackford's

Other Publications. "A Strange Conflict," a novel by John Batchelor, author of "A Strange People," etc., is pubdished by J. S. Ogilvie, New York. Paper, 50

"The Face of Rosenfel." a novel by Charles Howard Montague, is published in the Manbattan series of A. L. Burt, New York. Price,

Appleton & Co., New York, publish "The Elect Lady," a novel by George MacDonald, in their "Town and Country Library" series.

Paper, 50 cents. "The Fatal Three," a novel by M. E. Bradfion, author of "Aurora Floyd" and other works, is issued by Harper & Bros. in their "Franklin

"Almost" is the rather puzzling title of a bright and readable novel by John S. Shriver, of the editorial staff of the Baltimore Ameriean. Baltimore: Lombard, Druid & Co. Paper sovers, 25 cents.

Square Library." Paper, 30 cents.

No. 12 in Appleton's "Town and Country Library" series is "The Mystery of the Ocean Star," a collection of maritime sketches by W. Clark Russell, author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," etc. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

No. 625, in Harper & Brother's Franklinsquare Library series, is a novel by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, entitled, "Through the Long Nights." No. 627, in the same series, is "The Rebel Rose," a novel published anonymously. but the fact that it finds a place in this series is a pretty good guaranty of excellence. The first of these is 25 cents and the second 40 cents, both paper covers.

"The Animal Life of Our Seashore," by Prof. Angelo Heilprin, is a small hand-book on the fauna and animal life of the Atlantic seacoast. It embraces descriptions of many curious forms of animal and semi-animal life, with illustrations of quite a number. The text shows scientific knowledge, yet the style is suited to general readers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Paper, 50 cents.

"Tariff and Wages," by George W. Elliott, discusses the tariff question in its relation to wages. The author threats his theme in dialogue manner with his son Paul, and makes a book so simple that the perplexing problems of the tariff can be readily understood by the wage-worker. He holds that there is no such thing as a fixed-wages fund apart from protection, which is the source of all wages, and that protection therefore does protect. Buffalo, N. Y .: Moulton, Wenborne & Co.

Vol. 10 of Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature embraces the names of ninety-five authors of different nationalities, from Guiceiardini to Herbert. Each author is presented in a concise and brightly written biographical sketch, following which is a specimen of his or her writing, translated into English, if a foreign author. The work is, emphatically, one for every home library; it is handsomely got up, and, being sold at 50 cents a volume, it is easily within the reach of every lover of good literature. Address the publisher for his free catalogue. John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York, or 218 Clark street,

"The Tariff as it Affects the Workshop," by an old mechanic, discusses the leading question of the day from a new stand-point. The author, whose name is not given, says he has seen the operation of all our tariffs since 1820, and knows from experience the effects of the various changes which have been made. He bears personal testimony that every change in the direc-tion of free trade has been followed by disaster, and every one in the direction of protection by prosperity. The author discusses the operation of free trade and protection respectively on labor and wages in a very interesting and practical way. Published by S. Chase, 182 William street, New York.

A decidedly claver and rather remarkable book in its way is "The Presidential Campaign of 1896," a scrap-book chronicle compiled by an editor of that period, by the author of "The Battle of Bietigheim." It aims to foreshadow and describe from the author's imagination the presidential campaign of 1896. It assumes an irrepressible conflict between forces of moderu civilization and the communistic, anarchical and socialistic elements of modern evolutions and revolutions, and in the campaign of 1896 the combined forces of socialism, anarchy and athe-ism meet their Waterloo at the hands of an aroused, living, active American patriotism. The narrative of supposititious events with imaginary platforms, speeches, editorials, etc., make an interesting and graphic picture of what might be, but what, it is to be hoped, never will be. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Paper, 50 cents.

A valuable and useful book for those interested to such matters is the "Manual for Building and Loan Associations," embracing the origin and history of co-operative societies; objects and benefits of building associations; plans and methods of organizing and conducting them; legislation; constitution and by-laws; forms and description of books, blanks and papers; interest and dividend tables; and a comprehensive variety of practical and useful information and suggestions, by Henry S. Rosenthal. The author has compiled from all the various sources of information, and from a somewhat extended personal experience and observation in the actual workings of associations, a manual of popular information in reference to the subject at once simple, practical and comprehensive. Cloth, \$1.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A valuable contribution to political history is "The Republican Party: its History, Principles and Policies," edited by Hon. John D. Long. member of Congress and ex-Governor of Massachusetts. The object of the work is to present in comprehensive form a general history of the formation and achievements of the Republican party, and to enlighten voters in regard to its present principles and policy. The name of the editor is a guaranty of the character of the work. The plan embraces contributions from various well-known authorities on special topics. Thus the contents embrace a general sketch of political parties from 1789 to 1856, by the editor: rise and progress of the Republican party, by Hon. Edward McPherson: a chapter on "Public Lands," by Hon. L. E. Payson, M. C. from Illinois; "Pensions," by Hon. Edmund N. Morrill, M. C. from Kansas; "Our Fisheries," by Senator William P. Frye, of Maine; "The American Navy," by Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire; "Coast Defenses," by Senator Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut; "The American Merchant Marine," by Hon. Nelson but she do Dingley, jr., M. C, from Maine; "Our Foreign ioned girl

Trade," by Hon. J. C. Burrows, M. C. from Michigan; "Internal Revenue," by Hon. Green B. Raum, ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue; "A Protective Tariff," by Hon. William McKinley, jr., M. C. from Ohio; "Internal Development," by Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, M. C. from Ohio, and F. D. Mussey; "The Civil Service," by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, M. C. from Massachusetts: "The New South," by Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia; "A Fair Vote and an Honest Count," by Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kan-

Following this is history a of the Chicago convention and a sketch of the Republican nominees for President and Vice-president. The entire work is a trustworthy Republican text-book, embodying in concise, logical and readable form the past record, present position and future aims of the party. The book has permanent value, as well as special interest for campaign use. It is to be sold by subscription only, and agents are desired. Published by the M. W. Hazen Company, 64 West Twenty-third street, New York.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Morning-Glories. She took no gold or precious store Into that far-off land, Only some morning-glory seeds I shut within her hand.

I thought the spirit of the flower Somehow with hers might rise, And quicken into life and bloom The soil of Paradise.

It seemed so far for her to go Alone, to that strange place, Where everything was great and grand, With no familiar face.

But if she had these blossoms there She'd feel at home, I knew, For round our door they always hung Their bells of pink and blue.

She loved them so-they were the first We planted, when she came, A girlish bride, to share my home, My hearth, my heart, my name.

And always when I came, she stood To meet me, in the door. Where morning-glories twined, and threw Light shadows on the floor.

"The angels through these trumpets bright Some messages may speak." She used to say, and held them up To brow, and lips, and chee's. I smiled at her quaint fancy then.

But now, when comes a stir Among the leaves, my heart grows still To hear some word from her. For yonder, where the east is bright With morning-glories fair, I know she waits for me the same

-Albion Mary Fellows.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Only a Dog. Only a dog, and there he lies, The shrunken lids over sightless eyes: The kindest word in the gentlest tone. No movement brings to these limbs of stone; No soft caress from the best-loved hand Will the death-locked senses understand. And for touch and word give swift replies; What a world of love in this dumb thing dies!

Only a dog! Ah, friend, what then! Did he lack the soul that's given to men! Of a better soul he died possessed, The soul of truth was within his breast, And the loyal heart that vigil kept, While friends with souls have soundly slept. But leave him there in his lowly bed. And bar the door since the dog is dead.

Grass and Roses. I looked where the roses were blowing: They stood among grasses and reeds; I said, "Where such beauties are growing.

-Margaret Holmes.

Why suffer these paltry weeds? Weeping, the poor things faltered, "We have neither beauty nor bloom; We are grass in the roses' garden,

But our Master gives us this room. "The slaves of generous Master, Borne from a world above, We came to this place in His wisdom, We stay to this hour from His love.

"We have fed His humblest creatures, We have served Him truly and long; He gave no grace to our features, We have neither color nor song,

"Yet He who has made the roses Placed us on the selfsame sod; He knows our reasons for being: We are grass in the garden of God."

-James F. Clarke. The Way of It.

This is the way of it, wide world over; One is beloved, and one is the lover; One gives, and the other receives. One lavishes all in a wild emotion, One offers a smile for a life's devotion: One hopes and the other believes; One lies awake in the night to weep, And the other drifts into a sweet sound sleep.

One soul is aflame with a god-like passion, One plays with love in an idler's fashion, One speaks, and the other hears. One sobs, "I love you," and wet eyes show it, And one laughs lightly, and says, "I know it," With smiles for the other's tears. One lives for another and nothing beside, And the other remembers the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad earth over: The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover. And the other learns to forget. For what is the use of endless sorrow! Though the sun goes down, it will rise to-morrow And life is not over yet.

Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other, That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother. -Elia Wheeler Wilcox.

September Hills.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September, Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn; Red glows the ivy, like ghost-lighted ember, Shrouded in mist breaks the slow-coming dawn; Sunlight vistas the woodland discloses. ione is the summer, its sweets and its roses-Harvest is passed and the summer is gone.

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves are falling, Sadly the wood-dove mourns all the day long; the dim s arlight, the katydids calling, Hush into slumber the brook and its song. Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping Gone are the gleaners and finished their reaping, Blossom and bee with the song-bird are sleeping-Harvest is ended and summer is gone. -Robert J. Burdette

Somewhere. How can I cease to pray for thee! Somewhere In God's great universe thou art to-day. Can He not reach thee with His tender care! Can He not hear me, when for thee I pray! What matters it to Him who holds within The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space, That thou art done with earthly pain and sin! omewhere within His ken thou hast a place, Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him, Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb, And somewhere still there may be valleys dim That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime; Then all the more, because thou canst not hear Poor, human words of blessings will I pray, Oh, true, brave heart! God bless thee! whereso'er

In His great universe thou art to-day.

-London Spectator. Harriet Beecher Stowe. If every tongue that speaks her praise, For whom I shape my tinkling phrase, Were summened to the table, The vocal chorus that would meet, Of mingled accents, harsh or sweet, From every land or tribe, would beat The polyglots of Babel.

> Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane, Turk. Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine, Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi, High Dutchman and low Dutchman, too. The Russian serf, the Polish Jew, Arab, Armenian and Mantchoo. Would shout, "We know the lady." -Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Unchauging. A zephyr moves the maple trees, And straightway o'er the grass The shadows of their branches shift-Shift love, but do not pass.

So though, with time, a change may come Within my steadfast heart, The shadow of thy form may stir, But cannot, love, depart. -Anna Katharius Green.

Girls Not Often Seen.

Some extraordinary-looking girls are to be seen in the suburbs of New York. The most rigidly correct and proper young women in the town are frequently the leaders among the iconoclasts in the country. People on the train which arrives from Yonkers about 4 o'clock every day usually see rather an impressive array of young women waiting in pony traps of various kinds for fathers, uncles, and brothers to come from town. Red, white, blue, green, and yellow blazers, with all the variegated stripes of the rainbow and crowned by every species of head-gear, from a man's darby to a bright Tam O'Shanter, are scattered nonchalantly about. Perhaps the most notable of them all is a young woman who drives a pair of sorrel ponies to a small cart. She wears a boy's hat on the back of her head and her hair is clipped close and parted on one side. Her dress is plain and she wears a jacket of the same color, while her gloves have gauntlets such as cavalrymen wear. She sits forward on her seat, with her feet well braced, and she manages ber ponies very well, but she doesn't look very much like an old-fashREADING FOR THE SABBATH.

The Way Over. Wide was the river; the tide ran fast, And dim lay the other shore;
But the shepherd took a lamb in his breast,
And so passed on before. The sheep stood trembling; he called in vain,
Till the lamb in his bosom cried.
Then the white ewes answered, and followed fain,

And came to the other side. My Shepherd hath taken my lamb away— But I know it is not forever. "Come, follow! come, follow!" I hear him say; "It is beautiful over the river." Aye, beautiful where my lamb has gone, Thou Shepherd tender and wise. This is Thy loving way; lead on

To the pastures of the skies. -James Buckham. Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 30, 1888. THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Studies in the Old Testament. 1. God's Covenant with Israel-Exod. xxiv. 1-12. Golden Text: I will be to them a God and they shall be to me a people. - Heb. viii. 10, 2. The Golden Calf-Exod. xxxii. 15-26. Golden Text: Little children, keep yourselves from idols. -- i John v. 21.

3. God's Presence Promised-Exod. xxxiii. 12-23. Golden Text: Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world, -Matt. xxviii. 20 4. Free Gifts for the Tabernacle-Exod. xxxv. 20-29. Golden Text: God loveth a cheerful giver .- 2 Cor. vii. 9. 5. The Tabernacle-Exod. xl. 1-16. Golden

Text: Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them. - Rev. xxi, 3. The Burnt Offering-Lev. i, 1-9. Golden Text: The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all .- Isa. liii, 6. 6. The Day of Atonement-Lev. xvi, 1-16. Golden Text: Without shedding of blood is no

remission. -Heb. ix, 22. 8. The Feast of Tabernacles-Lev. xxiii, 33-44. Golden Text: The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacle of the righteous. -Psa. exviii, 15. 9. The Pillar of Cloud and Fire-Num. ix.

thy truth; let them lead me. - Psa. xhii, 3. 10. The Spies Sent into Canaan-Num. xiii 17-33. Golden Text: Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. -Num. xiii, 30. 11. The Unbelief of the People-Num. xiv, 1-10. Golden Text: So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief. - Hob. iii, 19. 12. The Smitten Rock-Num. xx, 1-13.

Golden Text: They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ. 13. Death and Burial of Moses-Deut. xxxiv, 1-12. Golden Text: The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day .- Prov. iv, 18.

TEMPERANCE LESSON. A Drunken Son-Dent. xxi, 18-21. Golden Text: Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotone eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty. - Prov. xxiii, 20-21.

Religious Notes.

There are many edoes in the world, and but few voices .- Gothe. Longfellow says: "To me a sermon is no sermon in which I cannot hear the heart beat." None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license.

-John Milton. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray; you must work for it.-Ruekin. A hundred missions and institutions in England have benefited by the will of the late Mr.

George Sturges, nearly £35,000 having been left to well-known societies. One hundred years ago the Presbyterian Church consisted of 178 ministers and 18,090 communicants. The last minutes show that there are now 5,654 ministers, 6,436 churches

and 696,757 communicants. It may be hard to believe in eternal punishment. The Bible believes in it and teaches it. The Methodist faith believes in it and we subscribe to it. Those who do not believe in it should leave Methodism. - Bishop Merrill.

Justice Allen, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, has filed his decision on the preliminary questions in the Andover Theological Seminary case. It is said to be in favor of Dr. Smyth. The suit was for the purpose of determining what should be filed as the record of the proceedings before the Board of Visitors.

It was the Lord Jesus, says Paul, that said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." One does not need to be told that it was not an earthborn maxim; like Christ himself it came from heaven. Selfishness stares at it unbelievingly, and clings to its treasures. Only those whose hearts have been renewed and brought into accord with heavenly truths know what it means by having proved its truthfulness.

Claus Hames, one of the most useful preachers in Germany, once met a friend to whom he told how many times daily he was obliged to speak. His friend presently asked: "But, friend Hames, if thou hast so much to say, when art thou still? And when does the Spirit of God speak to thee?" That simple question so impressed Hames that he resolved from that time to devote a portion of each day to retirement and silent study. A Methodist church at Delavan, Wis., ob-

served a recent Sunday as "Old Folks' Day." The "old folks" decorated the meeting-house and sang in the choir. An aged clergyman conducted the service. A similar practice has long been observed with the old people connected with the Congregational Church in Stoneham, near Boston. And why should not the "old folks," asks the Congregationalist, have a day as well as the children! "The hoary head is a erown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteouspess.'

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, And all are slaves beside.

One heaven bends above; The lowliest head ofttimes hath sweetst rest; O'er song bird in the pine, and bee in the ivy low, Is the same love, it is all God's summer: Well pleased is He if we patiently do our best. So hum little bee, and low green grasses grow. You help to make summer. -Marietta Holley.

Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die, And none can boast sincere felicity, With equal mind what happens let us bear, Nor joy nor grief too much for things beyond our Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend: The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

What Then?

Payson. I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner, a pardoned rebel, all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite wisdom could devise. I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a

temple of God, and surely I ought to be pure and I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a child of God; and I ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy and gratitude. I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate him who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself.

I am a Christian. What then! Why, I am an heir of heaven, and basten on to the abodes of the blessed to join the full choir of the glorified ones in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; and surely I ought to learn that song on earth.

TITLE AS A PASSPORT,

A Colored Count Received in Society Where Negroes Are Tabooed. New York Special.

A great deal of attention is being bestowed on the black young man with thoroughly African features who wears the fashionable clothes of a dandy while lounging in one of the great hotels. He is not a casual intruder upon the premises, but a guest, who may not be entirely welcome, but who is politely received. It is not so long ago that a negro Bishop of the African Methodist Church was denied quarters in this same notel. But a foreign title seems to be a passport to its hospitality, and so the Count de Delva is a novelty in human jet. He is a Haytian by birth and he got his aristocracy from his grandfather, who was formally ennobled by Sou-louque during that defunct despot's brief reign in Hayti. But he is a Parisian by residence there since childhood and is a thoroughly educated and polished gentleman.

"I had no idea that I was taking any risk of rebuff when I registered at this hotel," said the Count de Delva, "or I shouldn't have been so complacent about it. The fact is that I was totally unaware of the American prejudice against black men. There is nothing of the sort in the Old World. I don't mean to say that intermarriage is very common between blacks and whites over there, but I do assert, what all travelers will tell you, that there is no special discrimination on account of color. I have been in every country in Europe, and have visited among rich and cultured people of all nations, but it was not until I got to the United States

that I found negroes under taboo. What he said is true. Americans who go abroad are surprised at first to see negroes sitting among white people in the theaters, in ho-tel dining-rooms, and everywhere else. Of course the blacks are scarcer there than here, and have not been lowered below the white standard by slavery. During the world's fair that of a bit of butter rubbed on the fingers and in London, last summer, an American bar was knife will relieve the task of raisin-seeding of one of the features. It was the enterprise of a lall its sucky discomfort.

New Yorker, who sent over five skillful bartenders, and along with them two young negroes as helpers. The party was somewhat given to hunting the London elephant, and on one of their rounds of night resorts they took the negroes. They were astonished to find that the blacks, despised at home were subjected to no invidious treatment abroad. After that they took the darkies out frequently, just for the fun of seeing their delightful enjoyment of equality; and when the time came for returning to New York the young blacks announced that they were going to settle down in England. A land in which black was white, to all social intents and purposes, was quite good enough for

A CARDINAL AT HOME.

Daily Life and Personality of the Head of the Catholic Church in America. Baltimore Letter in New York Sun.

Cardinal Gibbons is one of the simplest of men in private life, casting off with his gorgeous robes of office the somewhat stately air of pompous hauteur used in performing the public functions of the church. The Cardinal lives at 410 North Charles street. The house is well within the confines of the fashionable quarter of the town, and fronts on Baltimore's Fifth avenue. The swell hotel of the town, the gorgeous town house of Robert Garrett, and the Maryland and University Clubs are located within a half-dozen squares of the place. The house itself is a plain but massive three-story structure, built of big blocks of pearl gray marble. and with the exception of a modern bow winwow, which projects from the second-story front, directly over the street door, is wholly without architectural adornment. The house stands a little back from the street, and is approached by a broad flight of steep stone steps. At either side of the building there is a broad patch of emerald turf, which is carefully excluded from public gaze by a high brick wall that completely surrounds the Cardinal's residence. Directly in the rear of the house towers the massive walls of the famous Cathedral, which fronts on a badly-paved side street. 15-23. Golden Text: O send out thy light and

Cardinal Gibbons is easily approached. His reception room is about twenty feet square, with high ceilings and side walls painted in dark tints. The floor is innocent of either carpet or rug, and aside from a half-size painting of the "Virgin Mary," the walls are barren. There is a time-worn cross of marble on the plain shelf above the fireplace, and another one on the oak center-table. The Cardinal greets a visitor with a cordial smile and a hearty grasp of the hand. At first blush he appears to be a rather ordinary little man. The pallor of health on the smoothly-shaven face contrasts well with the sombre black hues of his raiment. His figure is slight and apparently delicate. He is rather under the average height, and save for the head of irongray hair would impress one as decidedly youthful in appearance. His clothing is black, of clerical cut. The only insigna of rank is the deep red silk cravat that encircles his slender neck. There is really nothing extraordinary in his appearance, save for a marvellous resemblance to another of Maryland's noted sons, Arthur Gorman. As the Cardinal engages in conversation the mannerism and tricks of voice and action make him and the Senator counterparts of each other. Gorman has a way of looking straight from the unfathomable depths of steel-gray eyes, and so has the Cardinal. Both have the knack of being genial to the outsider, who, after a half hour's talk with either of them, comes away well pleased with their courtesy, but absolutely unable to remember a single valuable point in the conversation. Like the Senator, the Cardinal never refuses to be interviewed, but, as yet, no newspaper man has tied him down to a bold and positive statement on any important topic.

The Cardinal devotes the greater part of his time to the duties of his calling. The half dozen priests who live in the same house with him gravely affirm that he is as ascetic as the late Cardinal Guibert, of Paris. In the seclusion of his bedroom he daily observes all the penances of asceticism. This room is poorly furnished. The floor is of oaken plank covered with a threadbare rug in the center. A common washstand, an aged bureau and a couple of straightback cane-bottomed chairs complete the furniture. At 5 o'clock every morning he is awake; at 6 o'clock he celebrates mass, somecathedral, but more often at his private altar in one of the upper rooms of the archiepiscopal residence. Walking is his favorite and almost his only recreation. He is an indefatigable pe destrian. When he is not sitting in the reception room he is walking up and down the narrow brick pavement in the rear of the house and under the friendly shadow of the cathedral wall. It is here that his daily office is performed. When conversing with visitors the Cardinal's favorite position is leaning back in the comfortable embrace of an easy chair, with feet

The Cardinal is a familiar figure on Baltimore streets. He is fond of taking long walks through the suburbs of the town with one of his priests. As a rule, however, he is generally accompanied by a younger member of his household. The priests are not over fond of a ten-mile tramp, even with a prelate for a companion. The Cardinal is always dressed on the street in a black Prince Albert coat, a pair of baggy trousers, a hat which may have known better days, and bis small, well-shaped feet are encased in the broad-toed, low-tipped shoes worn by professional pedestrians.

As a usual thing the Cardinal spends the heated months of summer at St. Charles College, sixteen miles from Baltimore, where he received his early education. This summer, however, the Cardinal has devoted to tours of inspection, and has visited Boston and the South. He is now in the far West.

SPANKING A PRINCE.

The Prince of Wales Across His Mother's Knee-Of Course, They Laughed.

From an Amberdeen (Scotland) Paper, 1844. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince Consort and the royal children, visited Scotland for the first time, and tarried a long time on her way at Balmoral. On the trip the yacht, in and spoke with a tinge of impatience in his which the party traveled by water, called at | tone. Aberdeen, and, of course, the loyal inhabitants of that city turned out in large numbers to do honor to their beloved sovereign. A guard of honor, consisting of the merchants of the place, was formed, and, in all the glory of black broadcloth and white kids, paraded on the edge of the dock to which the vessel moored, at just sufficient distance to prevent people from stepping on board. Seats were erected on the bank, tier above tier, like those of a circus, to accommodate the thousands that had assembled to gaze on the spectacle of an anointed Queen.

Her Majesty good naturedly remained on deck to gratify as much as possible the curiosity of the bonny Scots, and promenaded about in full view of the immense crowd. The Prince of Wales, a child of about five or six years, was with her. Among other things placed on the deck for the accommodation of the Queen was a costly and very splendid sofa, ornamented with tassels; and the Prince, like other boys of that age, being of a destructive turn, began to pull at one in a manner that threatened to detach it. His mother observed the act and ordered him to desist. He did so, but as soon as her back was turned seized the tassel again to give another jerk. The Queen appeared to have expected something of the kind, for she was at that moment watching him from the corner of her eye. In an instant she turned, and seizing the luck-less heir-apparent of England by the "scruff of the neck." elevated one of her feet upon the sofa, hoisted the youngster over her knee, adjusted him in the position mutually familiar to parents and children generally, when such ceremonies are to be performed, and gave him a sound spanking. It may be proper to mention, en passant, for the information of youths who sometimes find themselves similarly circumstanced, that the illustrious sufferer kicked and bellowed under the afflictive dispensation quite as lustily as boys of lowlier birth are wont to do. The amazement with which the spectators witnessed the example of royal domestic discipline may be imagined, but scarcely described in fitting terms. A dead silence prevailed for a moment, but was suddenly broken by a tremendous roar of laughter, which could not be suppressed by any thought of decorum, respect for the Queen, or sympathy for the victim of her displeasure. The explosion recalled the royal mother to a sense of her position, and, baving turned toward the crowd for a moment, her face suffused with crimson, she hastily descended into the cabin, and was seen no more by the expectant populace.

This Is Alarming.

Philadelphia Times. Women, especially of the younger kind, who want to be "in style" and who bave no other way of keeping posted than an occasional peep at a fashion magazine, bad better look out or they will "get left." The present autumn and coming winter will see one of the most radical all round changes and departures in woman's dress that has taken place since crinoline went out. There will be changes not only in materials and designs, but also in the cut and make of dresses and in the style of hats and the shape of hats that will be almost radical, so that it will be hard work to make last winter's wardrobe fill the bill. Dame Fashion has got in her work well this time, and dress-makers and dry goods merchants will have plenty to do, and dear papas and fond "hubbys" may as well face the music.

One of the chance discoveries which fate will occasionally throw in the path of a woman is HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Rate of Increase. "I hear you have an addition to your family, Mr. Brown." Mr. Brown (sadly)-"Multiplication, my dear madam-twins."

Not That Kind of a Husband. Brooklyn Eagle. "Won't your husband score you when he comes home and sees what awful bills you've been running up?" asked Mrs. Timid. "No, in-deed," replied Mrs. Highball, "my husband is center field in the Indianapolis; he never scores."

Wavering. Lowell Citizen.

Freeman-Don't you think this doctrine of infant damnation a horrible one? Sours (slowly)-Well, I don't know. I used to think that way, but since the Howler family and their new baby moved next door to me l am kind of wavering, kind of wavering.

Saving the Old Man Trouble.

New York Sun. Mormon Suitor (who has just been accepted)-And now can I see your-your-Young lady (shyly)-My father, Mr. Brig-Mormon Suitor-N-no. Your sister, daring, and then I can see your father about you

A Temporary Interruption.

Brown-Where's Robinson. Dumley? He was to meet us here and we were to take in the ball game together. Dumley-He told me one of his wife's relations died yesterday, and the funeral takes place at 1 o'clock to-day. He said he would see us on the grand stand.

Nature's Laws a Fraud. New York Sun

Miss Spinster (to bird fancier)-I would like to get a canary bird, sir, that is a fine singer. Bird Fancier-Yes, madam; now there is as fine a little fellow as I ever saw. Miss Spinster-Fellow! Is it masculine, sir! Bird Fancier-Oh, yes; the males only sing. Miss Spinster (departing in indignation)-I think it is a perfect outrage!

Not for Publication.

ing his sermon, looking up suddenly)-Maria will you take the children out of the room for a few minutes? Mrs. Poundtext (in surprise)-Certainly my dear. But-are they annoying you? Rev. Poundtext-Not at all; but I have just dipped the mucillage brush in the ink well, and I would like to be at liberty to make a few re-

Rev. Charles Poundtext (who has been writ-

An Ecstatic Moment. .

"George, dear," she said, shyly-they had only been engaged a week-"can you recall the bappiest moment of your life?" "Yes, indeed!" responded George earnestly.
"Was it-or-lately, George?" she almost

"Yes, only last week-" "Oh, George!" "When I won fifty-eight dollars for five on a

Pursued by Hard Luck.

Miss Clara--It distresses me greatly to cause you pain, Mr. Worchestershire, but I love another. Mr. Worchestershire-Ah, me!

Miss Clara-I have always supposed that you were interested in Etnel Simpson, Mr. Worchestershire; she is a noble girl. Mr. Worchestershire-Ab, yes, Miss Clara; but I had the same luck with her that I have

just had with you. It's Some Labor to Grow the Calf. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

"Leather," says Mr. Roger Q. Mills, "is not a product of labor; it grows as the calf grows." Ho? Tain't no work to raise a calf then? Tain't no work, hay! Come out to the farm next sum mer, Mr. Mills; come out to the farm and teach an orphan calf how to drink milk from a wooden pail; if you are alive after the third lesson and won't admit that the culture and training of a plain red calf isn't attended with travail of patience and suffering of martyrdom you can pick out the best two year-old colt on the ranchbroncho bred-and ride it home.

Looking for Larger Profits.

Gentleman-I hear you've had a windfall, Uncle Ratus. Uncle Rastus-Yes, sah; my ole master died de odder day an' lef' me fo' hundred dollahs. Gentleman-I suppose you will open a small store of some kind with the money?

Uncle Rastus-No, sah, I specs I'll open Gentleman-Real estate office? Uncle Rastus-No, sab; a lawyer's offis. I know several lawyers an' dey all 'pears to be doin' ver' well. Dere's mo' money in foffis's, Mistah Smif, den dey is in sto's.

For Life. Youth's Companion. Little Bobby, whose mother believes in cautioning her children against the consequences of foolish acts, has often said to him: "If you get before the train or fall into the water you may be killed, and when one schead it is for a long time." One day Bobby, while walking with his uncle; took pains to keep at a safe distance from the shore of the river. "If I should fall in I should be drowned," he

exclaimed; "and when you're drowned, you're dead, and when you're dead it's for life." Easily Kept Account Of.

Chicago Tribune. The husband stood at the door, hat in hand, "I am waiting, Maris," he sald, "for my customary good-bye kiss." "I kissed you only a moment ago, John," replied the wife. "Why, so you did, my love," said John, putting on his hat, "so you did." "If I smoked as pasty a pipe as you do," said Maria, "you would have no difficulty in remem-

bering my kisses." Knew How It Was Elmself.

Harper's Bazar. Miss R- was telling her Sunday-school class of small boys about the "Shut-in Society, an organization whose members are mostly young persons confined with illness to their beds

"Whom can we think of," said she, endeavoring to awaken the interest of the class in these unfortunates, "that would have had great sympathy for these that are so shut in!" "I know," said a bright little boy, with brightening face; "some one in the Bible, isn't it,

"Yes," said Miss R-, "and who, Johnny?" "Jonah," was the spirited answer.

College Farming.

"How are you getting along with the experimental farm" asked a member of the board of regents of a Western agricultural college of the president of the institution.

"First rate," replied the president; "wheat all

killed up and calves taught to drink sour milk.

I'm having trouble with some of the students, however. They claim that it is too hard work for them to dig the great holes necessary in planting the pumpkins." "Fire 'em out, professor, fire 'em out," returned the regent. "If they kick on that, what will they do next fall when they have to dig

the pumpkins with maybe fifteen or twenty in a Too Much Modesty.

Pittsburg Post. "John," she said, as she toyed with one of his cost buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?" "Yes, Mamie," he answered, as he looked fondly down on her golden head, that was pillowed on his manly bosom. "This is the year when the proposing is done by the young ladies?"

"I hope you don't expect me to propose to "Why, Mamie dear, I never gave the matter a thought-1-er-to-to tell the truth, I've only known you for-that is to eay-" "I'm glad you didn't expect me to propose, I'm not that kind, I hope. No, John, dearest, I couldn't be so immodest. I am going to let you do the proposing yourself in the old-fashioned way. The old-fashioned way is good enough for

And the gentle maiden gave her lover a beaming smile, and yet the youth rejoiced that he had found such a treasure of modesty.

The Reason Why.

"Young man," said an intellectual old party. with a high forehead and deep lines of thought beneath his eyes, "you tell me that you are a writer for the alleged funny papers?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man very humbly. "Now I am a writer myself," went on the wiseold gen-tleman ponderously. "I write upon subjects that instruct; that lift the mind upward and carry it onward; I give the people food for thought, and broaden and develop their lives. You simply amuse them; you drag them down and flatten them out. Why do you fritter away your talents thus wantonly and perniciously?"

"Because," replied the humorist, very much depressed, "I can make about one hundred and fifty a week at it." "A hundred and fifty a week!" shouted the old man, and he nearly fell off his chair. "Great Scott, my dear young friend, lend me \$10.

No One to Love.

Brooklyn Eagle. Hearing the telegraph editor say that another wealthy American girl had married a prince, Slug Nine gloomily remarked that all the Prints he knew were mighty lucky if they got a girl who was rich enough to pay her own car fare on the wedding journey; for himself, he had been spurned by the daughters of three boardinghouse keepers, when he desired to mary not wealth, but only credit. And with a profound sigh he stepped lightly to the hook, and lifted therefrom the take which proved to be not the Pick-up for which he had been soldiering nearly two hours, but a piece of blind manuscript, written on both sides of glazed paper with a hard lead pencil, interlined half way down and marked "solid nonpareil."

Cause for Thankfulness.

Nurses in hospitals are rather apt to lay too much stress on the advantages received by the patients and their duty of thankfulness, but still it is the poor soldier who suffers the most from always having his causes to be grateful flung in his teeth. Witness the tollowing true

Chaplain-So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again, and soothe his last moments; why didn't you call Hospital Orderly-I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed

Chaplain-Why, what did you say to him? Orderly-"Opkins," sez I, "you're mortal "I am," sez 'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you'll get

"No." rez 'e.

him as best I could myself.

"'Opkins." sez I, "you're going fast." "Yes," sez 'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "I don't think you can 'ope

o go to 'eaven." "I don't think I can," sez 'e. "Weil, then, 'Opkins,' sez I, "you'll go to "I suppose so," sez 'e. "'Opkins," sez I, "you ought to be wery

grateful as there's a place perwided for you. and that you've got somewhere to go." And I think e' 'eard, sir, and then 'e died.

MAGNIFICENT HEROISM. The Slow Martyrdom of Two Catholic Priest

with the Lepers. Father Conrardy, who recently went out from America to join Father Damien in his work among the lepers of Hawaii stationed in the is-land of Molakai, gives a terrible account of his surroundings. He says, to quote from his let-

"The portion of Molakai the lepers occupy is about three miles long and half or three-quarters of a mile wide: a perfect place of seclusion, for if the poor lepers thought of escaping very few of them could do so, as very high cliffs separate us from the other part of the island-so high that clouds most of the time cover their tops. As for leprosy, I don't think it can be avoided if it is contagious by contact or by inhalation, for any one who lives among them comes in contact with them in a thousand ways. I believe there is no more possibility of remaining uncontaminated than for a man to live in a fire without being burned. We have now some eighty boys. I am most of the time with them. and besides live in the same house with Father Damien, who, as you know, is afflicted with the disease. The disease has a peculiar smell, very

the beginning the sight of poor Father a, whose ears, face, neck and hands are q: Jad, was enough to take my appetite away, and was troubled with continual headache. but now I feel I am used to those little inconveniences. Everything here is done and handled by lepers. Cattle are killed, meat cut and distributed and bought by lepers, bread baked by them, but eggs are clean-yes, only the hens eat rotten flesh thrown to them by lepers. Poor Father Damien sometimes will speak to me in a confidential way, approaching very near. Many things that he and other lepers handle have also to be handled by me, but it seems to me that the smell is more injurious than the simple contact. How to live in the midst of them and not become one day a leper myself, I don't see. I

leave that to God, happen what may.' The Volapuk Fad Fading.

Interview in St. Louis Globs-Democrat. The "fad," or "craze," or whatever you may please to call it, for study or investigation of Volspuk, has almost died out in St. Louis. A year ago I had almost bourly calls for any books that had any bearing upon the subject of the universal language. It did not last long, however; and there is scarcely a single call for a work on Volapuk in a whole week. The subject, I suppose, is too intricate for the average man. In fact, I have never heard of but two people in St. Louis who know anything about Volapuk, and they are Henry Flad, president of the Board of Public Improvements, and one of his clerks. They write letters to each other every day in Volapuk. The book business is a peculiar one, a sensitive one I might say. A very small thing creates a boom for a book. For instance, ever since the opening of the spectacular show at Kensington Gardens this summer there has been a steady demand for Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeti." The death of a noted author creates a heavy demand for his or her works. The week Henry George came out here to lecture I sold more than a thousand copies of "Progress and Poverty." Just now the demand, outside of fiction, is for pamphlets and fresh matter on the subject of the tariff.

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Until your hair becomes dry, thin, and gray before giving the attention needed to preserve its beauty and vitality. Keep on your toilet-table a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor-the only dressing you require for the hair-and use a little. daily, to preserve the natural color and prevent baldness.

Thomas Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky., writes: "Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best hairrestorer in the world."

"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delavan, Ill.; "but after using a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy."

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